

POETICAL
EXERCISES

WRITTEN

Upon Several Occasions.

1078. 9. 1

PRESENTED, and DEDICATED
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
MARY
Princess of ORANGE.

By John Cutts, J. K.

Licensed, March 23. 1684.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

L O N D O N,

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W. Huggave!



TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
PRINCESS of ORANGE.

Madam,

I Should not offer Your
Royal Highness a Pre-
sent of so little value, had
I not this to encourage
me; that 'tis not the Gift it
A 2 self,

The Dedication.

self, but the Way of giving, which finds Acceptance with Great, and Generous Minds. And in this (as in other things) they resemble the Divinity; that looks with a more favourable Eye upon Sincerity, and Truth (tho' in the plainest Dress) than upon all the Pomp, and Splendour of a Costly Worship.

It is not as a Poet, Madam, that I address my self to Your Royal Highness. For I pretend to no Exactness in an Art, which I never profess'd. The Course of Life, which I have form'd to my Self, lies quite in another Road; and I have never convers'd with the Muses,

The Dedication

ses, but in some dead Intervals of Time; when I have had no Company but my own self, and no Business but to think.

So that, when I throw these Papers at Your Royal Highnesses Feet, it is not that I think they deserve that Honour; but as an humble expression of Duty; which I am more particularly oblig'd to pay; because I have been so happy as to pass some Time in Your Royal Highnesses Court; and to be a Witness of those Things, which have enter'd Your Character in the Books of Fame; and rais'd it to so high a Pitch, that it strikes Your Enemies with Silence,

The Dedication.

Your Friends with Joy, and
all the World with Admirati-
on.

I know, Madam, to flatter
Greatness is a Disease common
in Courts; and those few who
escape it, because they con-
verse with an infected Multi-
tude, are seldom look'd upon
as sound; but I am sure, I was
never guilty of that Weakness.
And indeed, not to mention
the real Injustice, as well as
the numerous ill Consequen-
ces, that attend it; there is
something in the very Na-
ture of Flattery too mean,
and little for an Honest Mind
to stoop to.

But,

The Dedication.

But, at the same time that I abhor Flattery, I love Justice; and in all, that I say to Your Royal Highness, upon this Occasion, every body is obliged to declare (or with Silence give their Consent) that I only give Honour to whom Honour is due.

It is certain, that very few are fit to hear their own Elogies; for where there is the least Inclination to Pride, or Vanity, it turns their Heads, and exposes 'em to a fall. But a Mind elevated above all that is Light, or Trivial; when it looks upon the Shadow of its own Greatness, is excited with a generous Heat, and presses

The Dedication.

forwards in the Race of Glory.

And therefore I will presume to shew your Royal Highness, what Streams of Blessings are flowing upon you, by the Influence of Heaven, thro' the Channels of Nature, and Fortune.

Tho', Madam, You have the Happiness to be lineally descended from an Ancient Race of Kings; and joyn'd to a growing Hero, whose Courage and Conduct (like the Light) are best known by themselves; and can never have so good an Elogy, as his own Actions; yet Providence has taken such particular Care
in

The Dedication.

in forming You; that You have fewer Equals in Personal Advantages, than in Birth, and State.

I could enlarge upon this in as many Particulars, as there are Ways of being distinguish'd from the rest of the World. And in every one of these Heav'n has some Design. The various Gifts of Nature are not dispens'd in vain. Beauty, and Gracefulness are no small Advantages to Great Persons; giving a certain Force to all their Words, and Actions, which is hardly to be resisted; and perswading us, with a silent Eloquence, into an awful Veneration of their
Excel-

The Dedication.

Excellencies, and an Imitation of their Vertues. At the same time, a quick, and right Apprehension of Things; a clear and solid Judgment; with a Natural Tendency to all that is Just, and Good, and Charitable; are such inestimable Blessings in a high Station; that You are more beholding to God for being so qualified, than for being born a Princess. When I add to all this, that Your Soul is touch'd with a Spark of that Fire, which warms the Hearts of Angels, and kindles Mortality into Desires that are Immortal; it gives such a double Lustre to all the rest of Your Accomplishments;

The Dedication.

ments; and invests You with something so Glorious, and Divine; that we can never have Eyes enough to Admire You, or Tongues enough to praise You.

But the Greatness of my Subject carries me beyond my Self; and I am lost in a Multitude of Thoughts too mighty to be utter'd. I Shall therefore leave to a Historian what is so much above my Talent, and Business at this Time.

Those, who are rash enough, to fally any part of this Character, will certainly betray a great deal of Weakness, or Malice; and the Injuries, which they invent, will fall at last upon

The Dedication.

upon their own Heads. Justice, and Truth are the particular Care of Heaven. They surmount every thing; and their Lustre breaks through the thickest Clouds. When any Subtilty, or Force of Argument can perswade Men to believe, that the Sun does not Shine; or that the Stars are not bright; then (and not till then) shall the Glory of an Illustrious Life be stifled, and obscur'd.

As for this Little Present, Madam; which I presume to offer Your Royal Highness; 'tis compos'd of some Things, which have been writ at several Times, and upon several Occasi-

The Dedication.

Occasions; and, as they have been thrown aside among other things of the same Nature (which I forbear to Print, because I have not had time to look 'em over) so they are most of 'em very rough, and imperfect. But, at the same time, I cannot doubt of Your Royal Highnesses Protection, to any thing, that is Writ in Defence of Truth, and Virtue; at a time, when they are almost driven out of the World. And That has been the chief Design of most of these Papers. I have aim'd at the truest Images of Nature, the fairest Pictures of Virtue, and the purest Ideas of Divinity.

The Dedication.

ty. I have endeavour'd to represent the Passion of Love, not as a great many modern Hands have drawn it, but (as it ought to be) in its own native Beauty, and Innocence.

I ask Your Royal Highness Pardon, for the Liberty, I have taken. I wish You every Thing, that may contribute to make You entirely happy. And, as this little Present has been only the Employment of some Idle Hours: so, if it had been the Business of all my Life; I should think my self more than doubly paid; in having an opportunity of declaring to the

The Dedication.

the World; that I am (with
an inviolable Zeal, and Sin-
cerity)

Madam,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most Humble,

Most Faithful, and

Most Devoted Servant,

J. Cutts.

TO

The Dedication

the World; that I am (with
an inviolable Seal, and Sign-

Madam

Your Obedient Son

Most Humble

Most Faithful, and

Most Devoted Servant,

J. Carter

TO

TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of ORANGE.

Upon my presenting her with some
Papers of Verses.

Blest Princess! whilst a more auspicious Fame,
Through diff'rent Climates, celebrates your Name,
And tells the World, that in your Royal Blood
There flows a Spirit not more Great, than Good:
Maintain your Character; and don't refuse
This little Present from a faithful Muse.

*Large Gifts have Charms for almost ev'ry Mind,
And to the Heart an easie Passage find :
But such as these, how-e're sincere and true,
Are only fit for Heav'n, and such as Thou ;
Great Souls, who, in themselves entirely blest,
Regard not who give most, but who give best.*

Wisdom.

Wisdom.

Victorious Wisdom, whose supreme Command
Extends beyond the Bounds of Sea, and Land!

'Tis thou alone, that dost reward our Fains
With Pleasures that endure, and solid Gains.
But, oh! what art thou, and where dost thou dwell?
Not with the Hermite in his lonely Cell;
The fallen Fumes of whose distemper'd Brain
Make the dull Wretch torment himself in vain;
While of the World affectedly afraid,
He shuns the End for which Mankind was made.

Not with the Epicure in all his Pleasure;
Nor with the Miser on his Banks of Treasure:

The One's a Slave, bound fast in Golden Chains;
The Other buys short Joys with lasting Pains.

Not in the vain pursuit of partial Fame,
The gaudy Outside of an empty Name;
When mov'd by Chance, not Merit, common Breath
Gives the false Shadow sudden Life or Death.
Honour when meritoriously assign'd
To Noble Actions, and a God-like Mind,
Is then indeed a Blessing sent from Heaven,
A bright Reward for Humane Labours given:
But when 'tis Fame's mistaken Flattery,
A blind Applause of Pride and Vanity,
The worthless Idol ought to be abhorr'd,
And is by none, but Knaves or Fools, ador'd.

Thus, as I'm searching with the feeble Light
Of Humane Reason, in dark Error's Night,
For what has oft escap'd the piercing Eye
Of lofty Wit, and deep Philosophy,

From the bright Regions of Eternal Day,
Methinks, I see a small but glorious Ray,
Dart swift as Light'ning through the yielding Air
To an unspotted Breast, and enter there.
Thro' every corner of the Heart it shines,
Subdues the Passions, and the Soul refines;
Leading it safe thro' all the dangerous Ways
Of this alluring World's mysterious Maze.
This is that Wisdom I so much adore;
Grant me but this, kind Heav'n; I ask no more.
This once obtain'd, how happy shall I be?
Kings will be little Men, compar'd to me;
They, in their own Dominions only Great,
I, Conqu'rouer of the World, my Self and Fate.

Thus arm'd, let Fortune use me as she will,
I stand prepar'd to meet with Good or Ill.
If I am born for Happiness and Ease,
And prosperous Gales salute the smiling Seas,

Those Paths I'll chuse, the blessing to repay,
 Where Vertue calls, and Honour leads the way :
 But if the Weather of my Life proves foul,
 Tho' Storms arise, that make whole Kingdoms rowl,
 Yet I must on ; and 'spight of all their Force
 I'll steer my Vessel her appointed Course ;
 With her firm Beak the Billows she'll divide,
 And plow her Passage thro' the foaming Tyde.

And at what Time, or in what Place so e're
 The pale-fac'd Conquerour happens to appear ;
 Fierce as he is, his Violence I'll tame,
 And make the King of Terrors change his Name.
 While others enter trembling at his Gate,
 I'll march up boldly in Triumphant State ;
 And passing thro' it into Worlds unknown,
 Put on my *Glorious Robes*, and my *Immortal Crown*.

To Mr. W A L L E R.

Upon his commending my
Verſes of Wiſdom.

O Sir, no more--- You know not what you do ;
Such unexpected Praiſes, and from You,
(Who are inſtall'd among the Sons of Fame,
And the beſt Writers take a Pride to name)
Have ſet my heedleſs Fancy all on Fire,
And make it to a dangerous Height aſpire.
I fain would mount the Muſes airy Horſe,
To try the utmoſt of his Speed and Force ;
With him (methinks) I could out-ſtrip the Wind,
And leave the ſlower Lightning far behind :
I'd viſit Worlds by Mortal Eyes unſeen,
And go where none before has ever been.

But if, like too ambitious *Phaeton*,
To ſeek a Glorious Ruin I ruſh on ;

If over-heated in the rapid Course,
My fiery Pegasus, with angry Force,
Pressing his furious Head, should break the Reins
And wildly fly thro' Thoughts unbounded Plains
I fear I should, like that unhappy Youth,
While with too vast Designs my Hopes I sooth,
Instead of gaining Honour and Renown,
From my ungovern'd Flight come tumbling down.
Yet all these threatning Dangers I shall flight,
If you commend my Lines, and bid me Write.
The smallest Breath, assisted by your Name,
Exceeds the loudest Shouts of common Fame.
So in the War, sometimes, a Volunteer
Doubles his Vigour, when a Gen'ral's near;
And if he hears him say, 'twas bravely done,
Unmindful of his Fate, he hurries on,
Till daz'ling Honour courts away his Breath,
And makes him run into the Arms of Death.

All have a natural desire to please,
But 'tis in some a dangerous Disease ;
When uncontroll'd by Reasons juster Sway,
It turns their Heads, and takes their Sense away.
Fame, like a *Syren*, Charms the listning Ear,
And makes us blindly credit all we hear.
Then think upon some safe and gentle Ways,
To stop my Fate, and moderate your Praise.

If in my Verse you see some Thoughts Divine,
They're to the Subject due, the Faults are mine,
Say then, lest any, Sir, your Sense mistake,
You praise the Author for the Subjects sake.

The Tyranny of PHILLIS

Written to a Lady.

Hear, gentle Nymph, and by Example kno'
 What those who mock Love's Pow'r must undergo
 This Heart of mine, now wreck'd upon despair,
 Was once as free and careless as the Air;
 In th' early Morning of my tender years,
 Ere I was sensible of Hopes and Fears,
 It floated in a Sea of Mirth and Ease,
 And thought the World was only made to please;
 No adverse Wind had ever stopp'd its Course,
 Nor had it felt great Love's tempestuous Force,
 (That Storm that swells the Tydes of Human Care,
 And makes black Waves come rolling from afar,)
 'Till too much Freedom made it grow secure,
 As if the Sunshine always would endure;

And

And I, with haughty and disdainful Pride,
 Mock'd the blind God, and all his Force defy'd.
 At this enrag'd, the injur'd Deity
 Chose out the best of his Artillery,
 And in a blooming Virgin's Dove-like Eyes
 He planted his Victorious Batteries;
 (*Phillis* her Name, the best of Woman-kind,
 Could Love have gain'd the Empire of her Mind)
 These shot so furiously against my Heart,
 That Nature's strength, tho' much improv'd by Art,
 With Groans gave way to each resistless stroak,
 As when the Thunder rends some sturdy Oak.
 The wing'd Battalions from her lovely face
 Flew to the Breach, and, rushing in apace,
 Did quickly make her Mistress of the place.

As Love's Vice-gerent I her Laws obey'd,
 It must be so where Conquerours invade.

But when she saw how pow'ful she was grown,
 Made chief Commandress of the vanquish'd Town,
 She would no more Love's just Decrees obey,
 But sett up for an Arbitrary Sway:

And when her Tyranny was grown so great,
 That ev'ry humble Sigh provok'd her Hate,
 Reason, an active States-man, Wise, and Stout,
 Heading the injur'd Native, turn'd her out.

The God of Love will find some gentle Fair
 To govern in her room; but let her swear
 To hold a merciful and equal Sway,
 And all his old Imperial Laws obey.

Till she appears, no Charms can *Strephon* move,
 Unless it be the gen'ral Thoughts of Love;
 That thin *Camelion-Dyet* of the Air,
 Fafcy's Idea of an Unknown Fair.
 For where, or what she is, Heav'n only knows,
 'Till Time and Fate the Secret shall disclose.

But there's so strange a Magick force in Love,
The talking on't sometimes may fatal prove ;
And therefore, gentle Nymph, let's have a care,
And tell no more such Stories now, for fear,
Like Children, after talking of a Spright,
The fancy on't should make us dream at night.

To a Young LADY,
Who was said to be almost in *Love*.

Upon her Recovery.

I Come, bright Virgin, to congratulate
The blest Reverse of your unhappy Fate.
Victorious Love, whose Violence and Rage
No Hero e're could vanquish or assuage ;

Victorious

Victorious Love, that keeps his Slaves in awe,
 That conquers Conquerors, and gives Monarchs Law;
 Love, that by boundless Passion, wild Desire,
 Confounds Mankind, and sets the World on Fire;
 That Haughty Tyrant, that Imperious Foe
 You have o're-come, and lead in Triumph now;
 Whilst Guardian-Angels round about you flye,
 Triumphant at your Souls great Victory.

Those glorious Servants of the Court above,
 (Whose God-like immaterial Beings move,
 And are maintain'd by Harmony and Love)
 Cherish no Flames but what unspotted are,
 That upwards move, and have their Object there.
 Their Divine Essence makes 'em disapprove
 Those Storms of Nature, which we take for Love.
 And you, like one of them, have scorn'd your Mind
 Should harbour any Flame that's not refin'd.

Love

Love, when submissive, innocent, and pure,
You could within your gentle Breast endure;
Within those unpolluted Walls it lay,
As Harbinger to some more happy Day;
But when the growing Fire began to burn
Too fierce, and Love did to Disorder turn,
You then, inspir'd by some Diviner Flame,
Its dang'rous Violence did quickly tame,
With mighty Thoughts the raging Storm suppress'd,
And threw the Viper from your panting Breast.
May Heav'n be kind, and take a special Care
Of one so very Good, and yet so Fair.

TO

To a L A D Y,

Who desired me not to be in
Love with her.

I will obey you to my utmost power ;
You cannot ask, nor I engage for more.
But if, when I have try'd my utmost Skill,
A Tyde of Love drives back my floating Will ;
When on the naked Beach you see me lye,
For Pity's sake you must not let me dye.

Take Pattern by the glorious God of Day,
And raise no Storms but what you mean to lay,
He, when the Charms of his attractive Eye
Have stir'd up Vapours, and disturb'd the Sky,
Lets Nature weep, and sigh a little while,
And then revives her with a pleasing smile.

If 'tis to try me, use me as you please,
 But, when that Tryal's over, give me ease ;
 Don't torture, one that wishes you no harm ;
 Prepare to cure me, or forbear to Charm.

MUSARUM ORIGO;

O R,

The Original and Excellence
 of the *Muses*.

I Sing the Muses great and glorious Birth,
 Those spotless *Nymphs*, that bless'd the *Infant Earth*,
 Conceived by Heavenly Dew, and born of Thought,
 E're Heathen Gods a spurious Brood begot.
 A far more lovely, and delightful Race,
 Than that of the *Castalian* Sisters was.

Celestial Nymphs ! assist my lab'ring Pen,
And what you give shall be your own agen.

In dissolute, and undiscerning times,
When Vice unmask, and Vertues pass for Crimes,
The sacred Gift of charming-Poetry,
Is look'd on with a slight, and scornful Eye;
But if we trace the steps of former Years,
It's high Descent, and Dignity appears:
'Twas first reveal'd to that (a) illustrious Man,
With whom Religious Rites, and Laws began;
And can we think that God would e're impart
To such a one a mean or trivial Art?
When *Israel* with a wonder pass'd the Sea,
And saw how Fate pursu'd their Enemy;
Who thought like them to have escap'd the Waves,
But soon were bury'd in their wat'ry Graves;

(a) *Moses.*

Upon

Upon their mind to strike the blessing home,
And make 'em fit for Dangers yet to come,
Their Godlike Chief employ'd the Poets Art,
And blew the Fire that warm'd the Peoples Heart.

This Gift the valiant Hebrew (*b*) General knew,
Who was a Poet, and a Souldier too;
To make him fully after Gods own Heart,
Heav'n thought it fit this Blessing to impart;
And with such force of thought he was inspir'd,
A while his Hearers list'ned, and admir'd,
And found their Blood at last to Action fir'd.
He painted Suff'rings with such charming Graces,
That willing People ran to their Embraces,
Despis'd a present Gain, or vain Applause,
And chose to suffer in a glorious Cause.

He rais'd the Mind above the reach of Fear,

And arm'd the Souldier for approaching War ;

(*b*) David.

C 2

Instructing

Instructing what was still the safest Shield,
And who were always sure to win the Field ;
For in a Cause that's just, to live or dye
Is to the Brave an equal Victory ;
Alive in bleeding Foes their Swords they sheath,
And, if they fall themselves, they vanquish Death :
Religion, which hath nat'rally a Face
Adorn'd with sweetness, and Celestial Grace,
In his fine Thoughts, in his soft Numbers drest,
Has Charms too ravishing to be express'd.
He shew'd the Vanity of Hopes and Fears,
Which anxiously depend on future years ;
Since all our Destinys are form'd above,
And in a firm, unshaken Order move.
And (that which made his Copies take with All,)
He was Himself their great Original :

As Prophets most successfully will teach,
When in their Lives they practice what they Preach.

How finely twisted is the Chain of Fate ?
When Heaven had fitted him for things so great,
And laid the Scenes of all his future Sate;
The Curtain drew, and (like a rising Sun,)
The God-like Youth his glorious Race begun;
His Soul, which was illustrious from his Birth
(Tho' yet conceal'd, and lodg'd in common Earth)
Broke thro' the Clouds, which had its Rays oppress'd,
And shew'd the Hero blooming in his Breast.
The Envious view'd him with a Jealous Eye,
Enrag'd to see his Vertue soar so high ;
They knew his Rural Life, and low Descent,
And wond'ring what the busie Planets meant.
Unmov'd he stood upon the brink of Fate,
The Object of an angry Monarch's Hate ;

Banish'd the Court, in Troubles and Disgrace,
 Expos'd to shifts, and driven from place to place;
 Heav'n's usual way to form the greatest Minds :
 As Trees take Root, when shaken by the Winds.
 But 'tis in vain to strive with Destiny,
 What is Decreed in Heav'n will surely be ;
 That God, who had resolv'd to make him great,
 Dash'd all his Foes, and laid 'em at his Feet ;
 He laugh'd at all their Policy and Strife,
 And bless'd the World with his illustrious Life.

When wanted in the Council, or the Field,
 To fruitful pains he made his pleasure yield ;
 His Wit was busi'd with important things,
 The Arts of War, and Policies of Kings ;
 But when his bus'ness gave him leave to rest,
 With gentler Arts he mollifi'd his Breast ;

From whence soft measures flow'd, and ev'ry Line
; Was like his Actions, Generous and Divine.

When *Solomon* succeeded to the Crown,
s. (The Wisest Prince that ever grac'd a Throne,)
Among the various Gifts that fill'd his Heart,
He was inspir'd with this transcendent Art.
Witness his Songs of Love so finely writ,
Where Nature puts on various forms of Wit,
To move the secret Springs of Sympathy,
And fire the Soul into an Extasie.

To shew the Pleasures of the blest above,
He drew the Emblem of a happy Love;
And we may certainly conclude from this,
That Love, when true,'s the greatest Human Bliss :
But few on Earth are so divinely blest :
The hardest things to find, are still the best ;

Some never have the Blessing in their Power,
And most who have, neglect their lucky Hour;
Pride and Ambition, Rules of Birth and State,
And Avarice, give Impression to their Fate;
From whence a thousand Errors have their Birth,
And shut 'em from this Paradise-on-Earth.

O happy Times of Vertue, Truth, and Sense!
When in the Muses Virgin-Innocence,
By wicked Men and Heathens unenjoy'd,
They were in all the highest things employ'd.
In the great Temple of the living God,
(The Place of his Mysterious Abode,)
They sung *Jehova's* everlasting Fame,
And made the sacred Walls repeat his Name;
They wing'd the Soul, and taught her how to fly
Thro' all the glorious Regions of the Sky,

To tast those living Streams that flow above,
 And Bathe in Rivers of Eternal Love;
 They sung of wonderful and mighty Things,
 The suddain Turns of War, and Fate of Kings;
 Shewing the hand that moves the great Machine,
 And forms the whole Design of ev'ry Scene;
 With Strength of Thought and Fancy unconfin'd,
 At once they pleas'd, and profited the Mind;
 In ev'ry Accident a sure Relief,
 They vented Joy, and moderated Grief.

The Heathens, lost in Ignorance's Night,
 And wand'ring after ev'ry glim'ring Light,
 Were by seducing Spirits cheated still,
 And under Forms of Goodness practis'd Ill.
 What ever God had taught the happier *Jews*,
 And made of Great Authority and Use,

The Devil copy'd out with curious Art,
 The better to ensnare the *Gentiles* Heart.
 So Gold, that's false, too often goes for true,
 And counterfeited Jewels cheat the view.
 But, as the value of a Copy tells
 How (more or less) the Original excels ;
 By what the *Heathens* thought of Poetry,
 We judge its real and antient Dignity.

Poet, and Prophet was the same with them,
 Titles of Knowledge, Honour, and Esteem;
 Whose Works the wisest Men, and greatest Kings,
 Observ'd as sacred, and important Things.

The (c) great Apostle therefore sent to call
 The scatter'd *Gentiles*, and prevent their Fall,
 When with the best *Athenian* Wits he strove,
 And chose the strongest arguments to move,

(c) St. Paul.

Confirming

Confirming Reason with Authority,
Thought none so fit as their own Poetry.

Say, Divine Muse! what is this wondrous Art,
Which breaths such Gentle Fire into the Heart?
Is it the noblest Truths, the best express'd,
Or Nature in Harmonious Numbers dress'd?
Is it the strongest Thoughts the most refin'd,
Like Cordial Drops to fortifie the Mind;
To cherish and excite that Nat'ral Heat,
Which spurs us on to all that's Good and Great?
'Tis (like the strange effects of Heat and Cold)
Something in Nature better felt than told.



L A

MUSE CAVALIERE;

O R, A N

A P O L O G Y

For such Gentlemen as make Poetry
their Diversion, not their Business.

In a Letter from a Scholar of *M A R S*, to one of
A P O L L O.

D *AMON*, I'm told the Poets take it ill
That I am call'd a Brother of the Quill;
To end their Jealousie, I quit the Name,
And tho' I honour a true Poet's Fame,

Yet,

Yet, since my Genius points out other Ways,
And bids me strive for Laurels, not for Bays,
I'll keep my Heart for great *Bellona's* Charms ;
If e're she takes me to her Glorious Arms,
She shall Command my Fortune and my Life,
My Muse is but my Mistress, not my Wife.

Sometimes, to pass my idle Hours away,
Or ease at Night the Troubles of the Day,
Her pleasing Company diverts my Mind,
And helps my weary Temples to unbind.

The painful Tiller whistles to his Plow,
And as the rural Virgin milks her Cow,
Without offence to more accomplish'd Art,
An untaught Melody revives her Heart :
So I, who labour in Life's painful Field,
With harmless Pleasure strive my Cares to gild ;

Whilst,

Whilst, in wild Notes, my heedless Thoughts I sing,
And make the Neighb'ring Groves and Eccho's ring.

Like those, who paint for Pastime, not for Gain,
I sit me down upon the spacious Plain,
And, looking here and there among't the Throng,
I take rough Sketches, as they pass along;
Nor do I follow any other Rules,
But drawing Knaves like Knaves, and Fools like Fools.

I grant you, 'tis a Method out of Use,
But 'tis the best for my unpolish'd Muse;
She has not learn'd to flatter for Applause,
Or laugh at any Man without a Cause;
To injure Virtuous Women for a Jest,
That none may pass for better than the rest;
Or do like some, who, when they are refus'd,
And, for their fond Impertinence, abus'd,

Vent their weak Malice in a lewd Lampoon,
 And blast the Lady's Fame to save their own;
 A Fault the Sparks are much addicted to,
 They do't themselves, or pay for those that do.
 My Muse has no *Mecenas* to admire
 In Raptures high as Thought, and sometimes higher
 Nor, if she had one, cou'd she make him pass
 For witty, if his Lordship were an Ass;
 Or gild his darnish'd Name with, *Good* and *Just*,
 If he liv'd loosely, or betray'd his Trust:
 Nor can she, to oblige a sottish Town,
 Bribe their lewd Fancies for a false Renown,
 By praising Vice, and crying Virtue down.

This makes some little *Criticks* fume and rage,
 And, in a League, against my Lines engage;

They

They are not so concern'd for Wit, or Art,
 But 'tis the Truth that stabs e'm to the Heart.
 If stripping Folly of that gay Attire,
 Which Knaves invent, and Fools so much admire,
 I shew her naked to the World, that so
 Men by the Aspect, may the *Demon* know ;
 Some more notorious Fool, that thinks he's hit,
 Cry's Z-----ds, do's he pretend to be a Wit ?
 D----me, if e're I heard such silly stuff,
 There he breaks off: And speaks the rest in Snuff.

And who is this, so pithy and so short?
 A Country-Blockhead, or a Fop at Court ?
 Some Heir, whose Father (snatch'd away by Fate)
 Left the young Spark less Judgment than Estate,
 With nothing but a modern Education,
 To Hunt, and Hawk, and Whore, for Recreation ;
 And Drink, in Honour of his Prince and Nation ;

A Bubble, that has nothing in't but Air,
 Is driv'n, by every Blast, it knows not where :
 Just such an empty Thing is this young Sot,
 Who talks by Rote, and thinks he knows not what
 Such Criticks I may possibly forgive,
 Because (poor Things) they speak as they believe

Or is't a Milk-sop, that has liv'd at Court,
 That Glorious School, tho' n'ere the better for't
 Bred up in fruitless Luxury and Ease,
 Wash'd and perfum'd into a soft Disease,
 Which makes him fear the Wind, the Rain, or Sun
 As bad as some raw Captains do a Gun ?
 The Censure of so visible an Afs
 Won't hurt me much : And therefore let it pass.

Is it a feeble Scribler, that pursues
 His own Disgrace by fooling with a Muse?

But hold---At this (methinks) he cocks his Hat;
And smiling, says, I love you, Sir, for that;
You laugh at Faults, which You (Your self) commit;
Unless y'are lately set up for a Wit.

No, Child. But what I write is Sense and True,
And that is more than can be said of you.

Besides, if I've a Mind to play the Fool,
(Because, you know, 'tis Modish, and looks cool,)
You'll own, I may; And so, you'll say, may you,
By the same Rule. No doubt on't, Prithee do.

Let me be quiet, and do what you will;
Write Essays, say fine Things, and Rhyme your fill;
Make Prologues, Epilogues, Love-Songs, and Satyr;
And, at low Ebb of Fancy, turn Translator;
Disgrace the *Theater* with Senseless Farce,
Or stately Nonsense in Heroick Verse,

With Plays, that thwart the meaning of the Stage,
 And help not to instruct, but spoil the Age,
 In which, to turn true Virtue out o' Doors,
 The Hero's all are Sots, the Ladies Whores :
 The Times will bear it, and it is no more
 Than many such as you have done before.
 But meddle not with me; Or, if you must,
 Be sure the Faults you find are very just,
 Or if I parry ye, expect a Thrust.

As for the rambling injudicious Wits,
 Who talk all Weathers, and speak Sense by Fits;
 If they should, in my Absence, run me down,
 And to expose my Weakness, shew their own :
 Let 'em be quiet, and enjoy their Way ;
 They answer to the full, what e're they say ;
 Satyr upon themselves ; They save my Writing ;
 And every Thing they say is Dev'lish biting.

Thus

Thus ev'ry partial Censurer is free
 To play the Fool himself, and laugh at me;
 Let him contrive to carp at what he will;
 Sense will be Sense, and he a Block head still.

And, *Damon*, since I make this Declaration,
 That Poetry's my Pleasure, not Vocation,
 You, and your Brethren, ought not to refuse
 Such Pastime to an unpretending Muse.

The War, you say, 's my Calling. And what then,
 You use a Sword; Why may not I a Pen?
 You give a Souldier leave to eat and drink;
 And, prithee, why not give him leave to think?
 You may indulge with safety all that do,
 There are not many like to trouble you.

Then let each Party lay their Quarrels by,
 Mind their own Trade, and live in Charity.

We for an Iron-Harvest will prepare,
And plow for Honour in the Fields of War :
While you are taught more safe and gentle ways
To purchase an Inheritance of Praise :
But now and then, to vary for Delight,
Fight you like Poets, we'll like Souldiers write.

TO THE
DUTCHESS
OF
Monmouth,

Who honoured me with her Commands
to read over Monsieur *Boileau's* Po-
ems, and give my Opinion of him.

MAdam, I come a thousand thanks to pay
To that fair hand that pointed out the way,
And shew'd me where so great a Geinus lay:
Your generous Commands have guided me
To a good Model of true Poetry.

Of all the Modern Writers who have try'd,
 With easie Wit, Mens Folly to deride,
Boileau, to me, the most accomplish'd seems ;
 Bold and Severe, yet free from all extreams.

Nature to some has giv'n an active Wit,
 But hardly Sense enough to manage it ;
 Who, laughing at the Follies of the Town,
 Discover twenty greater of their own.

Others in Judgment only do excel,
 And in Affairs of State do pretty well ;
 But when their Nat'ral Talent they abuse,
 And offer Force to an unwilling Muse,
 Their awkward Rhymes their very Truth disguise
 And make the World afraid of being wise.

But *Boileau*'s easie and unerring Wit,
 Does ev'ry Coxcomb so exactly hit,
 And sets before his eyes so true a Glass,
 That Vice no longer can for Vertue pass ;

He shews the Hipocrites affected zeal,
That lyes in talking, not in doing well;
His high Pretences serving for a blind,
In God-Almighty's Name to cheat Mankind.

But does not bid us to avoid that Evil;
Declare for down-right Atheism, or the Devil:
As the rash Libertine is wont to do,
(Something the shallower Monster of the two)
Who Vertue impudently ridicules,
And swears that all Religious Men are Fools;
'Till dying as he lives, like a dull Beast,
He's damn'd in earnest, and so spoils his Jeast.

He shews a Fool that reads huge Volumes o're,
And is no wiser than he was before;
Who fills his Head with empty terms, and looks
For Wisdom no where but in musty Books;
'Tis not conversing with the Dead will do,
Unless sometimes one reads the Living too.

If an illiterate Sot of Quality
Would make true Knowledge pass for Pedantry,
Despising Letters, as Mechanick Arts,
Too mean for Gentlemen, and Men-o'-Parts;
While his whole Business is to Comb and Dress,
And in a *Billet-doux* his Mind express;
At every Publick Meeting to appear,
And with some Nonsense plague some Lady's Ear;
What-e're he finds in his own flatt'ring Glass,
I'm sure in *Boileau's* he's an arrant Ass.

He tells us what is true Nobility,
Not mouldy Parchments, and a Pedigree,
Tho' drawn from *Cæsar's* or *Achilles* Blood,
Unless a Man be Valiant, Just, and Good:
If a gay Bawble, of high Titles Proud,
Serves meerly to be gaz'd at by the Croud,
And by his Ancestors is only known,
Not having any Merit of his own;

Tho'

Tho' in his Father's Fame he glories so,
 How is it possible for him to know,
 But that his Mother, in a wanton Vein,
 Suffer'd some loose Gallant to cross the Strein?

Sometimes our Satyrift employs his Pen,
 To copy out another sort of Men;
 Those scribbling Interlopers, who without
 Commission from *Apollo* venture out.

Here in a Song some Fopling of the Town,
 Who has a Mind to have his Talent known,
 In cool Blood curses Fate, and Sighs, and Crys,
 And at the end of the Fourth Stanza dyes.

There a mean fawning Fellow skrews a Lye
 To such a senseless pitch of Flattery,
 As is beyond the greatest Mortals due;
 And ridicules his Muse, and Hero too.

But whither is't my heedless Muse would run?
 Madam, I hope you'll pardon what sh'has done:

Before

Before so great a Judge of Sense and Wit,
She should not once pretend to talk of it ;
Yet when I read th' illustrious *Boileau's* Verse,
Something so very charming there appears,
And with so strange a heat inspires my Pen;
But hold, My Muse would fain begin agen,
No, I shall teach her a far better Way,
Since she to *Boileau's* Fame will Tribute pay ;
And, Madam, I shall give him full his due,
By only saying, that he pleases You.

IN PRAISE OF
HUNTING:

Leaving the Town and *PHILLIS*.

Tell me no more of *Venus*, and her Boy,
His flaming Darts, and her transporting Joy;
With Dreams of Pleasure they delude our Mind,
Which pass more swiftly than the fleeting Wind;
The bright, the Chaste *Diana* I'll adore,
She'll free my Heart from Love's insulting Power;
Thro' pleasing Groves, and o'er the healthful Plain,
She leads the innocent, and happy Swain.

Then

Then farewell guilty Crowds, and empty Noise;
I leave you for more pure, and lasting Joys;
In stately Woods, guilded with Morning Rays,
I'll teach the Eccho's great *Diana's* Praise.

STREPHON and PHILLIS.

A Dialogue set by Mr. *King*; Servant to
his MAJESTY.

A soft Symphony of Instruments.

Streph. **H**ear, *Phillis*, hear my humble Tale,
And then pronounce my Destiny;
If Truth and Honour can't prevail,
It is my Fate, and I must dye.

But

But should my Death Injustice prove,
It would offend the God of Love,
And might on you his Vengeance move.

Phil. Why, Shepherd, what have I to do
With *Strephon*, or his Destiny ?
No, no, dissembling Wretch, 'tis you
That would contrive to ruine me ;
When, by a soft enchanting Art,
You would a secret Flame impart,
To Fire the Temple of my heart.

Stre. What can a wretched Swain contrive
Against the force of matchless Charms ?
I only ask that I may live,
Or if I dye, dye in your Arms :
I languish in so warm Desire,
And burn with such a Noble Fire ;
As can't without my life expire.

Phil.

Phil. Cou'd I your Sighs and Vows believe,
 I should encline to pity you,
 But 'tis your Bus'ness to deceive,
 And not your Nature to be true.
 Begon then, flatt'ring Youth, begon,
 And leave me in these shades alone,
 For if I love, I am undone.

Another Symphony of Instruments.

C H O R U S.

BUt see what Crowds of *Cupids* stand to hear,
 And seem to laugh at what we vainly fear ;
 Let us, like them, all Dreams of Ill despise,
 And bravely on to win a noble Prize.

Friendship.

A SONG, set by Mr. King.

Friendship dwells with Secresie,

In discreet and faithful Hearts,

Free from foolish Vanity,

And Flattery's dissembling Arts.

Others may, by Talk and show,

Let the World their Passion know;

Ours shall be unseen, untold,

Safe and secure as hidden Gold.

Fond and Idle Fops believe,

Love delights in Noise and State;

E

But

But the Fools themselves deceive,
And blast the Joys they would create.

Two serene harmonious Minds,
Which no meaner Passion blinds,
Make that quiet blest Retreat,
Where Love delights to build a Seat.

Come, my Dearest *Phillis*, come,
Let's unfold each other's Breast,
And, in Mists no longer roam,
But make our selves entirely blest.

Gently, with indulgent Sway,
Make my yeilding Heart obey,
And, if I unfaithful prove,
Then may I dye, and lose your Love.

A S O N G.

Made to a *French* Tune.

ON Racks of Love distended
 Here lies a faithful Swain,
 Wishing his Life were ended,
 Or some Respite to his pain.

The plague of dubious Fate
 Is an Ill beyond enduring,
 If I am not worth your curing,
 Kill me quickly with your Hate.

But why should Wit and Beauty
 Be guilty of such Crimes?
 Sure 'tis a Womans Duty
 To be merciful sometimes.

With Justice you may slay

The ungrateful, and aspiring;

But ~~the~~ Humble, and Admiring,

You should treat a nobler way.

A SONG,

Set by Mr. *Hart*, Servant to his Majesty.

AS gazing on that lovely charming Face,
My Eys survey the Inchantèd Place;

There, there, methinks, I see

The God of Love, in all his Gallantry,

And Troops of lesser Deities attending by.

While from that glorious Field of mighty Love

Cupids in airy Forms do move,

And subtilly conspire

To strengthen Passion, and enrage Desire;
Still conquering ev'ry Heart, or setting it on Fire.

Mine, by my unresisting Eyes betray'd,
And vanquish'd, willingly obey'd;

Nor do I wish to be
Again Possessor of my Liberty;
No, *Phillis*, no, I love in you ev'n Tyranny.

Farewell to *PHILLIS*,

Set by Mr. *King*, &c.

ONe Look, and I am gone;
Phillis, my Part is done;

Death, your pale Rival's come,
And calls me home.

Clasp'd in her frozen Arms,
I shall be free from Harms,

And only pity thee

In misery ;

For, since your kindness is turn'd into Hate,
From cruel you, I'll flye to kinder Fate :

Then, too late,

You'll wish me back again ;

Then, too late,

You'll pity him your Eyes have slain.

DESPAIR.

A SONG, set by Mr. *Abel*, Servant to
His MAJESTY.

O You immortal Powers of Love,
Why do you all my Hopes remove?

You give me up to certain Fate,

And force me to be desperate.

Is it for this I've sacrific'd
My Quiet, and the World despis'd?
To burn, to bleed, to sigh, to groan,
To Love, be wretched, and undone?

When first you did my Soul inspire,
And I aproach'd your gentle Fire,
Was I unwilling to forego
My Ease, and be a Slave to you?

I hasten'd to the Myrtle Grove,
And there an Altar rais'd to Love;
On which my Heart still burning lies,
Inflam'd, at first, by *Phillis's* Eyes.

She pull'd it from my panting Breast,
And in a Veil of Crimson drest,

'Twas on the fatal Altar laid,
By the too rash, unthinking Maid.

For, oh! I fear, she did prophane,
And take Love's sacred Name in vain;
For which unhappy Error, I,
By injur'd Love, am doom'd to dye.

The Innocent GAZER.
A SONG,

Set by Mr. KING, &c.

Lovely *LUCINDA* blame not me,
If on your beauteous looks I gaze;
How can I help it, when I see
Something so charming in your Face?

That,

That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play,
It ravishes my wond'ring Eye,
And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

An Air so settled, so serene,
And yet so gay, and easie too,
On all our Plains I have not seen
In any other Nymph but you.

But Fate forbids me to design
The mighty Conquest of your breast,
And I had rather torture mine,
Than Rob you of one Minutes Rest.

A S O N G,
Set by Mr. KING, &c.

O Nly tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and Fate,
Some kind Planet from above,
May, perhaps, her pity move;
Lovers on their Stars must wait,
Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh why, should I despair,
Mercy's pictur'd in her Eye;
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome Hope, and farewell Fear:
She's too good to let me dye,
Why, oh why, should I despair.

A Song, fet by Mr. King, &c.

THe cruel Nymph had with dissembled Hate,
 Pronounc'd her *Strephon's* wretched Fate.
 When the Swain saw a Combate in her Eye,
 Youthful and active Love,
 With daring Honour strove,
 And eagerly purfu'd the Victory.

At length the Imperious Foe was forc'd to yield,
 And Love commanded all the Field:
 Then, on her Cheeks his Banners he display'd,
 And in Triumphant State,
 To applaud the Conquerours Fate,
 Legions of *Cupids* grac'd the lovely Maid.

On

On a Fine Lady's Singing.

A Song, set by Mr. King, &c.

HOW like *Elizium* is the Grove,
When chaste *Dorinda* sings of Love?

It charms the troubled Soul to rest,
And makes a Calm in ev'ry Brest:

With various kinds of Harmony,
She strikes at once the Ear and Eye:
So soft her Voice, and she so Fair,
Gives double sweetness to the Air.

The wretched *Strephon*, dumb with Pain,
And Grief too heavy to complain:

When

When soft *Dorinda* tunes her Voice,
Forgets his Woe, and dreams of Joys.

O Lovely Charmer ! be so kind,
To ease sometimes a Wretches Mind :
His Groans with gentler Sounds controul,
And breathe a Balm into his Soul.

Farewel to Love.

A SONG, set by Mr. *King*, &c.

STREPHON retiring from the Town,
Came Musing to a Neighb'ring Grove,
Where, in the Shades, he laid him down,
And to himself thus talk'd of Love.

'Twas in the Golden Age, said he,
That *Cupid* held a peaceful Reign,

He

He exercis'd no Tyranny,
Nor could his Subjects then complain.

The innocent, and faithful Swain,
Not ty'd to Rules of Birth and State,
With freedom rambled o're the Plain,
And, like the Turtle, chose his Mate.

The Nymph comply'd without Constraint,
By her own Fancy only led,
And never any sad Complaint
Disturb'd the happy Lovers Bed.

But, oh! The Golden Age is gone,
And *Cupid's* Laws are not the same.
Love is an 'empty Name alone,
'Tis Fate and Fortune play the Game.

And

And must it thus for ever be?

Will those blest Days return no more?

Then Thoughts of Love disturb not me,

I'll from this Minute give your o're.

Cutts.

F I N I S.
